

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

VOL. VII

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MAY, 1926

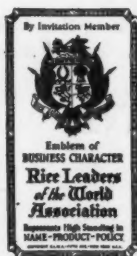
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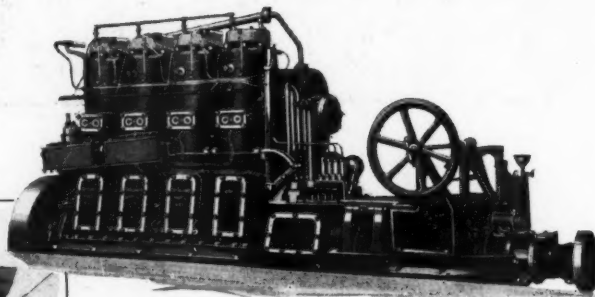
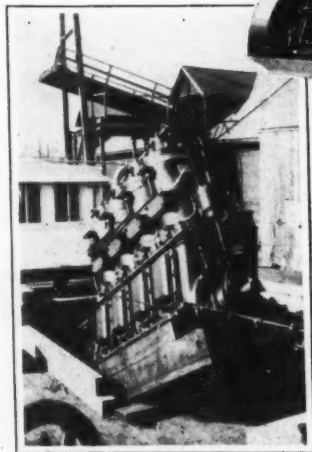
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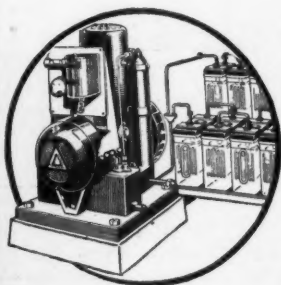
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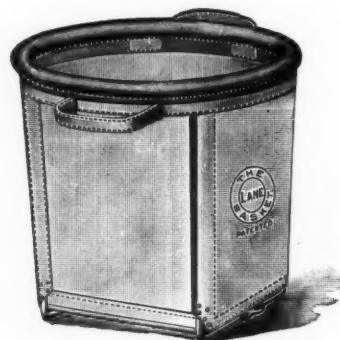
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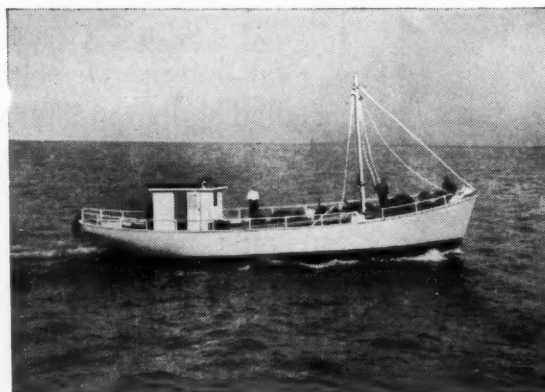
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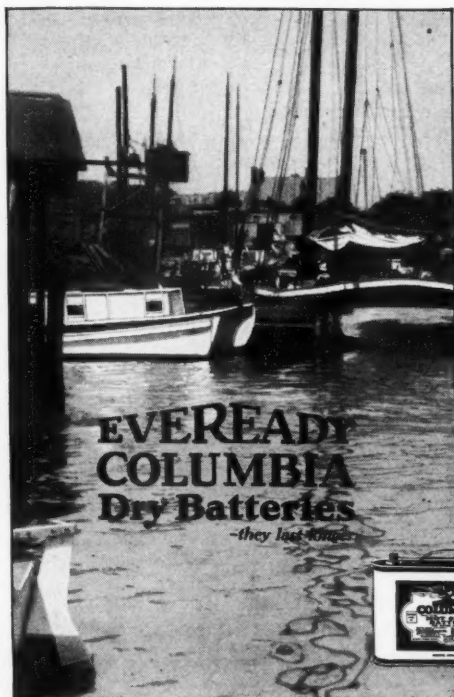
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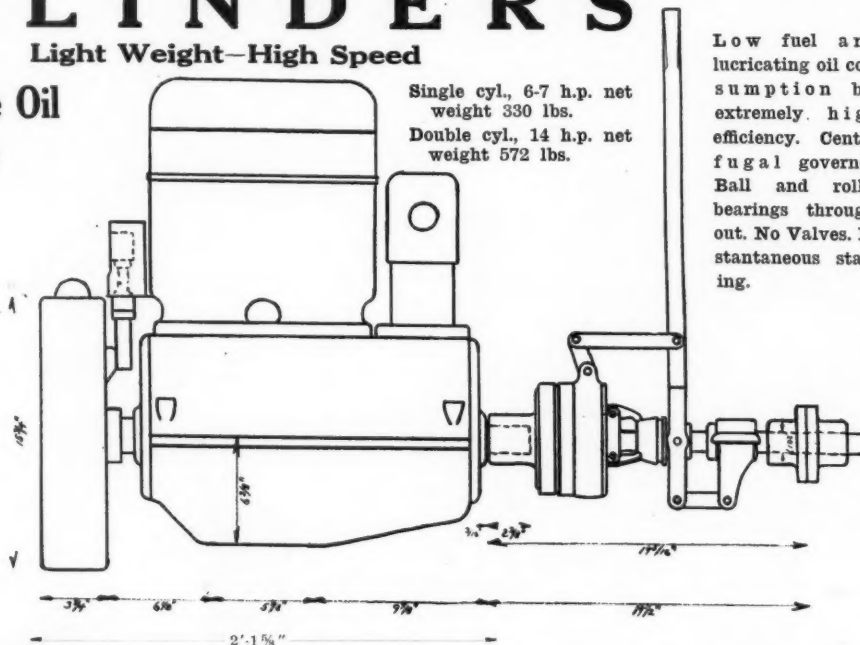
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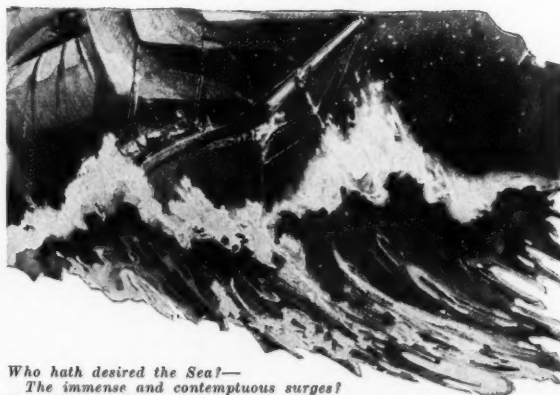
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The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

**Atlantic Fisherman**

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE  
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VII. MAY, 1926 No. 4

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President

FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

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**The Rum Navy Again**

"THE dry navy has gone right crazy this year". That is the word coming from the mackerel fleet out South, and there are ample reports of the activities of the Coast Guard to back up the claim.

As yet the rum officials haven't succeeded in inventing any new ways of pestering the fishing fleet, nor have they gone tearing through nets or flashing their search-lights when the fish are schooling. But if their early efforts in holding up the vessels are any indication of what is to come, the outrages of the past will be surpassed this season.

A captain tells about running into New York one night and on getting half way up the channel, being hailed and told to stop. He immediately slowed down, steaming only fast enough to barely keep headway. The chaser ran up alongside and bellowed "stop!, stop!" When he was told that it wasn't safe to heave to there and take a chance on being run down, he told the skipper to go over on to the flats. Evidently these rum captains think fishermen are no better seamen than themselves because at the time the tide was near dead low and the chart gives no water on the flats at any time.

When the captain refused to take his vessel in there himself, he was ordered to proceed to Staten Island under arrest. The next day he was fined \$100 on the Lord-only-knows-what charges.

The most outrageous part of it all, though, was

that the presiding officer of the court was reluctant to hear the skipper's story, saying, so it is reported, "Don't tell me, there aren't any honest fishermen; you're all alike and only waiting your chance to sneak something in".

Any official who would make any such statement as that should receive the full measure of discipline. He far overreaches the bounds of arrogance and the

liberties which seem to be allowed officers of the law. On the other hand, it is merely a blunt expression of the attitude which the entire rum navy from top to bottom has taken from the beginning toward fishermen. It is a poor line of reasoning that these officials follow. Because some boats which used to fish have been caught in the rum business, that proves that all fishermen are rum runners. Of course, the vessels couldn't have been sold or have taken new masters and crews.

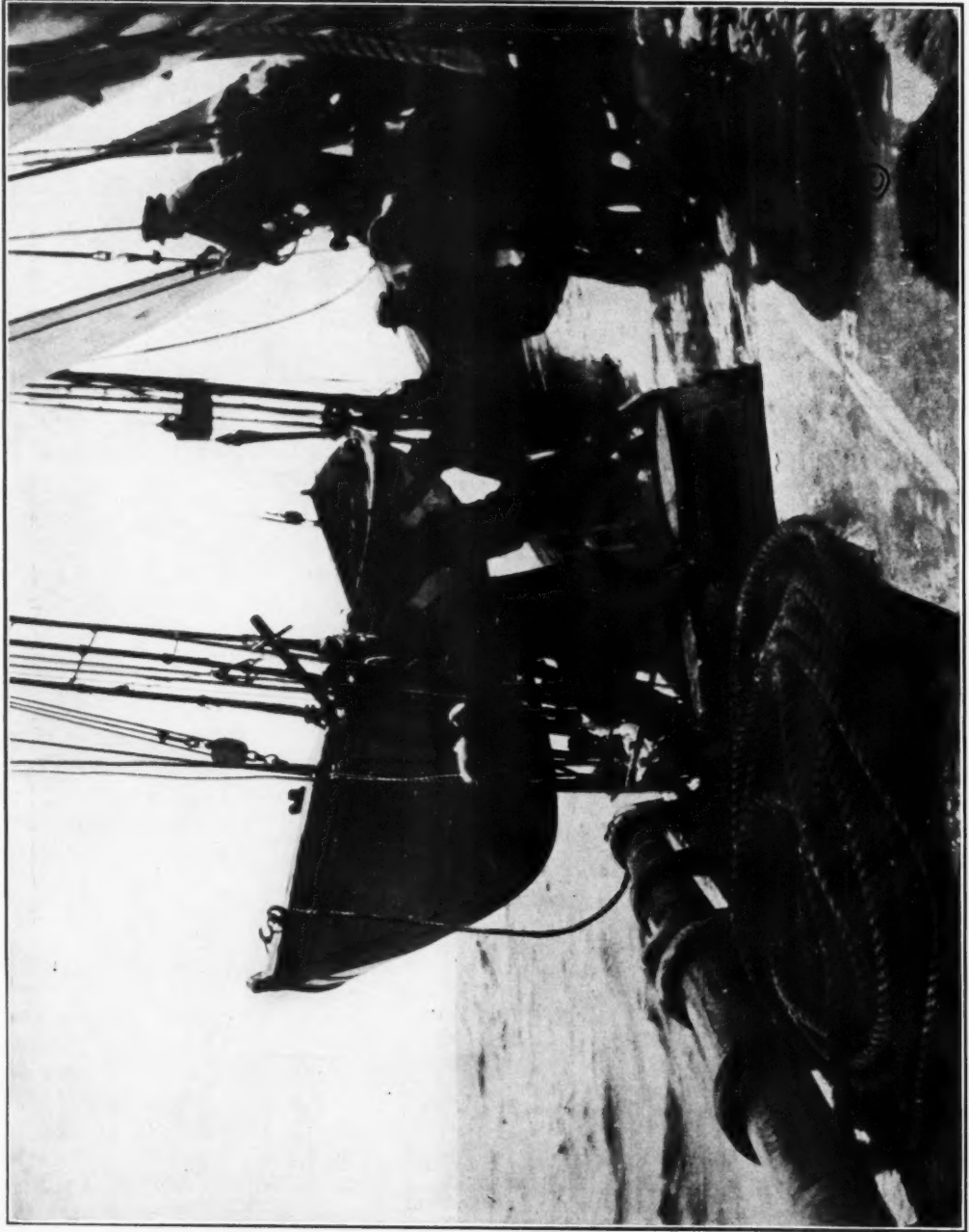
It is high time for a show-down on this whole situation.

How many real fishermen have been caught? True, nearly every Tom, Dick and Harry running booze has disguised himself as a fisherman, but every truck load of stuff that comes across the border no doubt is fixed up to look like potatoes or something. Yet we haven't heard any wholesale accusation of farmers or truck drivers.

Most yachts are now exempt from search, and are allowed their freedom to come and go as they choose. What the fisherman wants is not the privilege of a week-end party, but a chance to make a living.

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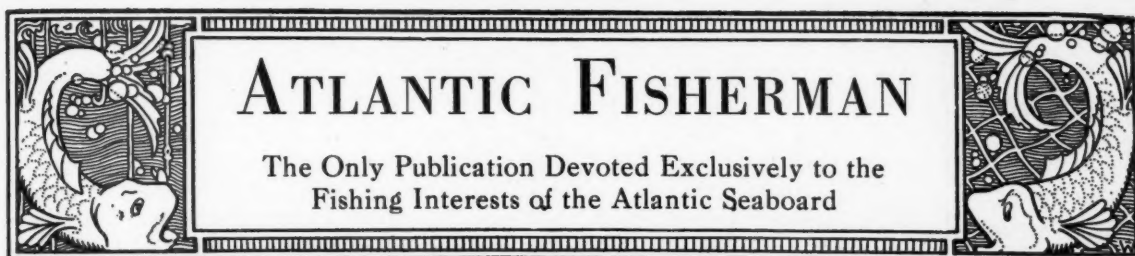


# Launching the Seine Boat

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Vol. VII.

MAY, 1926

No. 4

## Reminiscences of the Life-Saving Service

By CHARLEY MARDEN.

Of late years there has come to be two distinct branches of the Coast Guard and Life-Saving Services. This is a story of the branch that fishermen have respected for generations.

I WAS four years on the old Wallis Sands Life Saving Station on the New Hampshire Coast, Cap'n Selden F. Wells. We got sixty dollars a month, found our own grub and bought our own uniforms. A four-hour watch in a freezing sleet storm would spoil a new rubber coat. I remember in 1895 our grub bill averaged about eight-fifty per month for each man and we lived well at that. John Cummings, known to many old time Gloucestermen, was cook, and a good one.

But this yarn is about Billy Randall and a watch he stood. Billy was a native Isle of Shoaler and one of the best boatmen that ever lived. He was six feet and weighed 205 pounds, all bone and muscle, always a clean liver and one of nature's gentlemen. Every dog and child he came in contact with was his friend. I can see him now rolling up the beach on an August day with a school of children around him and more or less dogs. He was No. 1 man on the crew.

Every man that ever fished out of Portsmouth knew Billy Randall. When I first met him he was skipper of the *Grace Choate*. I don't know much about her, but from what George Hall told me she must have been some packet. George said she could make sternway like a reversed power boat. Beating out of Ipswich Bay in a northeaster one time she got going astern and I guess they had quite a voyage before she got in by Whale's Back.

Wallis Sands Station was built on top of a low sand hill. There was no sheltered cove within a mile and a half, and we had to launch in the open ocean. The North patrol from the Station to Odiorne's Point covered about two miles. From the end of the sands to Pulpit Rock the path was through pasture land which ran down to the beach which was bold and rocky. The rest of the way was mostly over loose stones.

For a mile the land fronting on the sea belonged

to the old Dow farm. This estate had been purchased by a professor of law in the University of Pennsylvania and fitted up with everything modern—manor house, farm house, big barns, blooded stock, and a Swede foreman. There was a watch shanty on a ledge just back of Pulpit Rock which was on the Professor's property. This shanty was hexagon in shape, had a pane of 7 x 9 glass in each side and the door faced the sea. Inside was an old-fashioned air-tight stove wired to the floor. The stove had a griddle on the top and the door closed with a latch. We would pick up driftwood in the fall, saw it into short lengths, and by the time cold weather set in we had the shanty packed full. There was just room left for a little old chair, axe and saw. The first watch going out at four o'clock would start a fire, put on more wood on his way back, and so on during the night. That burning driftwood sure did smell good. This shanty was built and given to the crew by the Professor for a good turn we done him.

There was a lot of salt marsh on the farm which bore good crops of grass, and in those days salt hay was considered excellent food for cattle in winter when mixed with other fodder. This marsh was boggy and treacherous. August was the time to mow it. That Swede told the watch one day he was going to cut that grass with a pair of horses and a machine. Sam cautioned him to keep horses off that marsh, told him they mowed Hampton and Newburyport salt marshes with horses shod with plank, but Little Harbor marsh was different. Swede Johnson, having been a gardener down Philadelphia way, knew all about it, so one day he struck in with a big pair of horses, brass bound harness and a new mowing machine. He got about sixty feet from solid ground before he bogged down. Billy was down on watch and he give it to her for the Station for help. The man in the tower

had sighted the trouble with his glass. The skipper stripped the gun from the beach cart, took along sand anchor, hawser, crutch and other gear and we beat it for the wreck.

The horses were mired up to their middle and couldn't wiggle. The Swede started to give orders, so George Hall, always slow to wrath, took him by the slack of his pants and hove him in a pond hole. We cut the harness, got the machine

a horse! He would set on the buggy seat sideways and hold the reins like a tiller. The Professor had stocked his farm with pure bred Jerseys and among them was a three-year old bull. Billy was the first one to run across him on watch one day. He reported to the Cap'n that that bull was dangerous. He had to go down among the rocks to get clear of him. I knew something about the Jersey breed and was not afraid. When I met that



Photo Copyright 1925 A. H. Blackinton

#### PLUM ISLAND COAST GUARD

clear, rigged slings around the horses and got them to hard bottom, not much the worse for wear except here and there a little hide chafed off. Sam and I scraped them off and led them home.

The Professor came to the Station a few days afterward to investigate. The Swede had entered a complaint, alleging assault and battery against one Hall. The Professor knew the law and besides had a sense of humor. He quashed the complaint and wanted to pay. We were not the breed that took tips so he built us a first-class rest house, he called it, all painted and everything.

Now Billy, like all Shoalers, was superstitious and afraid of cattle. You ought to see him drive

bull the first time, he came up to me and held his head down to have it scratched. The next trip down through the pasture I took a bacon skin along and gave it to him to chew. There was heaven in his looks and he chased every man with a blue uniform after that, expecting more bacon skin. Billy always had a tough time getting through that pasture.

The winter of 1898-9 was a hard one and for the second time in local annals Portsmouth Harbor had frozen over. Back in the early part of the nineteenth century it had been frozen over and people crossed over from Portsmouth to Kittery on the

*(Continued on Page 26)*

# Liverpool Jarge

By HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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SOME years ago the editor of the "As the World Wags" column of the Boston Herald received stories of strange adventures in the West Indies and Mexico, stories that might have been told by a beachcomber, who, knowing the classics and having set at rich men's feasts, had turned tramp; whose sense of humor was so developed that he enjoyed his vagabond life. The descriptive power of the unknown writer was uncommonly graphic. While his men and women were earthly—the men "theft", with brass knuckles and mighty toss pots; the girls, for the most part, of easy manners and barbed tongue—luxurious scenery appealed to Mr. Witherspoon, who would wax poetic in portraying a tropic night. There was no "fine writing"; the scene, the hour, and the situation were painted, now in gorgeous and moving phrases, now in more sober, at times ironical, words, without fear of slang terms, the "footpads and loafers of speech," to borrow a definition from Mr. Charles Whibley.

Later one day Liverpool Jarge was introduced to the readers of the Herald, that extraordinary character, now thought to be fictitious, legendary. And so men once doubted the existence of Herman Melville's friend, Doctor Long Ghost. Liverpool Jarge, his adventures and conflicting accounts of untimely and regrettable death! It was high time that the memory of him should be preserved in a less perishable form than the columns of a daily newspaper. —Philip Hale.

IT was in 1916, away back yonder in the dear, dead days beyond recall, that the late,—the very late Liverpool Jarge flashed, like a baldheaded comet with a tail of seaweed, across the literary horizon of New England; and simultaneously the rough-hewn, hand-forged moniker of John Savage Shaghellion crashed upon the sensitive Bostonian ear and went thundering down the outraged corridors of eternity like a load of girders crossing a covered bridge.

The debut of these two worthies came about through the receipt of a letter by our leading daily paper and the publication of that letter by our most brilliant and discriminating column conductor. This small beginning led, as small things frequently do, to relatively great things; and eventually Mr. John Savage Shaghellion attained a local reputation which ranked him with Ananias, Baron Munchausen, Sir John Mandeville, Doc Cook and other celebrated purveyors of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Liverpool Jarge I have heard likened to a tenth carbon copy of Ulysses.

And since it was my good fortune to act as chronicler of the tales of Jarge and since this book is the record thereof, and since the letter started it all, we may as well break out this cargo of veracity by printing the important documents. Let's go.

## THE LETTER.

And why shouldn't a man use his wooden leg to brain an enemy? Wouldn't it be his natural weapon? Not a word. Of course it would. I mind a ship-mate of mine, a savage from New London, down on the ship's articles as cook, but a handy man and willing, with only one arm, having had the other burned away in the bight of an out-running line

with a big bull sperm at the other end. He had a wooden stump with three steel hooks at the end, kept always shiny and neat and very theft he was with 'em either in the galley or aloft. I saw him once uncut a Lascar in Liverpool Lou's place in Sydney as tidy as you like. Could he have done such with the hand the devil gave him? He could not.

But I wanted to tell you about Liverpool Jarge, no connection with Lou. Jarge was a one-eyed man, the other having been knocked out by a bucko mate with a belying pin. A little man he was and steady and soft-tempered like myself, and we shipped together six voyages, no less. Jarge had two hobbies. One was his tattooing and the other was his glass eyes. Ashore with his pay, Jarge wouldn't get decently

drunk. Not him. He'd head in at the nearest tattoo professor and have some decoration put on him. Covered he was from neck to heel with beautiful birds and snakes and women and Christ on the cross done by a Jap between his shoulders to keep the devils off. I mind the day I climbed three pair of stairs to a tattooer's room in Whitechapel, and Jarge had his last empty spot, the size of a dollar, filled in with what the man said was a likeness of the evil eye. And Jarge cried because he was all filled up and hadn't any more white skin left, leastways not that would take ink. Talking of the eye, one thing led to another and the professor took us down to a glass blower a floor below, and there was where Jarge got the glass eye habit. The glass blower was a Hungarian foreigner and an artist if I do say it, what with gawdy birds and full rigged ships done out of spun glass and a line of fancy glass eyes on the side all done by himself. Jarge had been wearing an old eye he'd picked up





somewhere in 'Frisco that didn't match, and when the man offered to make him a beautiful one of red with a white star in the middle for a pound he ordered it, very much taken with the idea and pleased as Punch. Next day he went back and ordered two more, one blue with a kind of a white snake, and one green with a yellow cross, the whole coming to three pound ten.

I didn't see Jarge for five years after that. We happened to meet next in London again and he had a collection of eyes, a dozen or more, three or four for every time ashore, and said he was the pride of the forecandle every ship he sailed on. I went up with Jarge while he placed his regular order, but the novelty was off and he was hard to please. So the glass man offers to make a genuine evil eye, the tattooed one being no good whatever, covered up with a shirt. And that pleased Jarge. And the man said he would make the eye hollow and fill it with a deadly poison. And that pleased Jarge, too, because he said anyone might get where he'd want to commit suicide an all he'd have to do was bite the eye and die quick. We signed aboard the same ship, the *Dunreagh Castle*, for Australia, and the day before we sailed Jarge got his eye and it was a work of art if I do say it. It was built in rings of different colors running down to a little red spot in the center and was hollow and filled with a white liquid and very theftily sealed with a thin glaze of glass behind. When you looked at it hard, the rings ran together and the red spot stuck out and fair gave you the creeps. It cost the amazing sum of two pound ten which Jarge paid cheerfully.

Well, we hadn't cleared the Straits before Jarge had tried the eye on every man in our watch and the carpenter and the cook and the boy and they all, barring the boy, told him to lay off or they'd brain him. All but a little Cockney named Bell and known as Ding Dong. He fair shrivelled up and near went mad. And that pleased Jarge.

Jarge kept putting the eye on Ding Dong until he thought he was bewitched. The other men told him to steal the eye and he tried it, but Jarge was too theftly for him. And Ding Dong got to believe the only way to lift the spell was to get the eye. You wouldn't believe the lengths he went, even trying to scoop the thing when Jarge was asleep, he having taken to wearing it all the time. It got after a while so Jarge got to hate the Cockney and believed in the eye himself and hoped to kill Ding Dong with it before the voyage was over if he had luck. Which he did at Port Said. We were laying there in the roadstead and Jarge was aloft sitting on a foot rope seraping a spar when something fetched loose and down come Jarge 40 foot head first on a teak deck and serunched his nob like an egg-shell. His eye rolled out and Ding Dong grabbed it up and the mate come running up and Ding Dong popped the

eye in his mouth. In about a minute he falls on the deck and gave a couple of shivers and died. There was a good deal of mystery about it. The mate figured Jarge must have hit Ding Dong in the fall. I knew better. He'd bitten into the eye. But I said nothing. So you see a glass eye can be just as fatal as a wooden leg.

*John Savage Shaghellion.*

44½ Condor Street, East Boston.

This letter intrigued, as the saying is, the whole office. It was typed. It bore signs, we thought, of editing. Someone detected a feminine touch. Indeed, it so turned out that Mr. Shaghellion had dictated his story to his beautiful niece Mabelle, and it came to us hardly as he himself would have told it. And yet the yarn had, in the vulgar newspaper parlance, guts. Lots of guts. The Sunday editor thought Shaghellion might turn out to be a gold mine; and I was delegated to hunt him out and find out if he had anything more to say for himself and his friend Jarge.

I found John, as will appear in the next chapter. Later I came to know him well. Always he would talk,—under persuasion, and nearly always it was necessary that the persuasion be alcoholic. If it seem to any that the tales that follow here are over-fragrant with the aroma of Tom and Jerry, hot buttered rum and fireworks of like character, let him remember that the telling was made long before the passing of the eighteenth amendment. Jarge and John were, indeed, tosspots and maltworms. They flourished in the sad, bad, good old days.

We are more virtuous today; but some of us find that our backs creak under the burden of our virtue. The halos of some of us bind uncommon tight by habit and on occasion slip their moorings and sag over the left ear. In the old days we may have been bad; but we were as God made us and we preferred to do any remodelling of our morals ourselves rather than consign the job to a black-coated reformer. Well, they sneaked up on us, sandbagged us over the mastoid process and we have convalesced but slowly.

Casting back it seems that in other times the lights were brighter, the girls' legs, what little we saw of them, were prettier, food tasted better, people smiled oftener, the glum old world spun a little faster on its axis. After all there was much to be said for a time when a gentleman whose phisic subconsciousness was all gummed up with an inferiority complex, could go out and buy for fifteen cents something that gave him courage to speak to a policeman or maybe take a wallop at him. It was that era that produced Liverpool Jarge and John Savage Shaghellion. They were what they were; and I for one would not have them different. Turn over.

(Yarn II will appear in the June issue).



# The Lunenburg Cooperative

THE fleet in Lunenburg is not a private affair nor an enterprise vital only to a handful of men or to a few companies. It is everybody's business, as much the concern of every household as it is the concern of the 150 skippers, active and retired, and the half-dozen outfitting firms that stud the waterfront.

The Lunenburg cooperative is very simply and soundly organized. When a schooner is built, representing about \$22,000 capital outlay, her ownership is divided into 64 equal parts or shares. These shares are sold to whoever wants to buy them.

Boys, working on the farms throughout Lunen-

mere employees, but part owners. They are proud of their property. They are on their toes to keep their craft ship-shape, to handle her well, and to work for the success of an enterprise which is their own as much as it is anybody's.

They go on the halves in Lunenburg so a member of the crew who happens to hold two of the 64 shares in the schooner, thus gets, on a normally good trip, about \$300 as a dividend on his shares, plus his share as a crew member. This frequently brings his returns for the six months season as high as \$1500 or \$1800.

Last year Capt. William Deal of the *W. E. Knock*

## Lunenburg Harbor

Although Lunenburg Harbor is not a great deal larger than Gloucester's inner harbor, it is not an uncommon sight to see several score vessels lying at anchor, and others, without power, beating their way up between those at anchor. The harbor does not freeze even in the heaviest winter.



burg County, save up their money to invest this way. The investment marks their entry as members into the activities of the floating commonwealth. Townsfolk too, buy shares. Nobody in Lunenburg ever gets nipped in any stock market gambles. All have better, safer and more useful opportunities for investment. The skippers buy up as many as eight or ten shares each in their own vessels. And every crew shipped in this port includes a number of actual shareholders in the craft they are to sail. Indeed, a few of the fishing schooners are almost entirely manned by shareholders.

Thus, when a Lunenburg banker sails for the grounds, she has aboard a group of men who are not

was highliner of the fleet, bringing in 6300 quintals for the season—which was one of the largest catches in Lunenburg's history. His vessel earned about \$175 per share for its stockholders. Capt. John Mosher of the *Silvia Mosher* has been high-liner of the hand-liners for three consecutive years, and his schooner earned more than \$12,000 net last year in six months. The largest catch ever made on a "frozen baiting" was brought in last year by Capt. Dan. Romke of the *Pauline*. It was 1600 quintals.

Another feature of the Lunenburg cooperative is the way the members look after the families of those who are lost. Every widow gets a pension of \$30

a month and \$7.50 for each minor child, unless she remarries. In that case, she is paid \$500 to settle the claim for good. Each fishing craft pays in \$400 toward this compensation fund out of its earnings; and the local fishermen's benefit association adds \$5 a month to the payments for every local man lost.

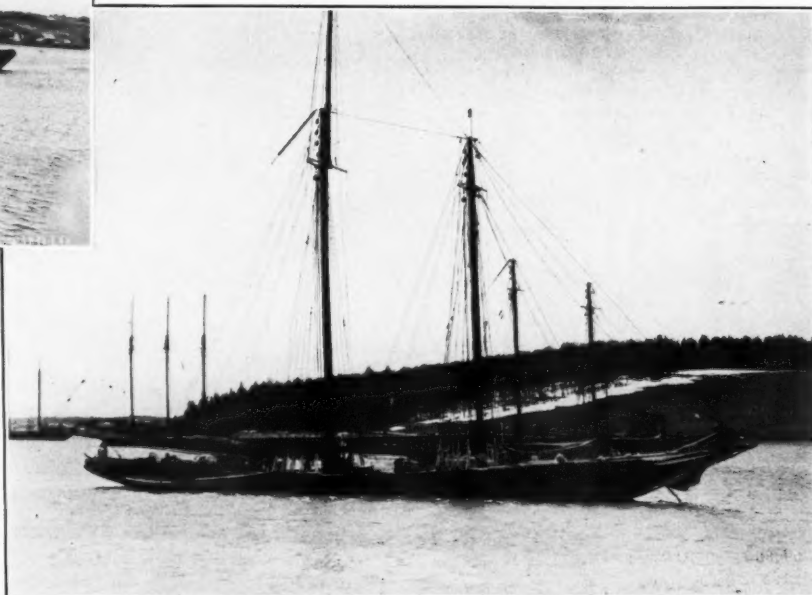


### Two of Lunenburg's Finest

Left:—*Bluenose*.

Right:—*Mayotte*

Both returning from the frozen baiting trip.



The letter reads: "The season when many vessels of the fresh fishing fleet will be landing their fares for splitting and salting will soon arrive and increased care of fish caught will be absolutely necessary in order that, when landed, they may conform to the high quality standard set by the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"Last year I suggested that crafts engaged in this line of fishing, take, on each trip, enough salt to salt down the catch of the early part of a fare and then heavily ice the remainder, thus rendering the chances of condemnation of whole or part of the trip as 'fish unfit for food to a minimum'. The results last season showed the value and sense of these suggestions which were followed by most, but not all captains.

"This coming season, state fish inspection will be continued carefully, thoroughly and fairly. 'Good

### A Suggestion or Warning

**F**ROM the office of Arthur L. Millett, Massachusetts State Inspector of Fish, comes the following letter to captains, crews, vessel owners and fish dealers. Mr. Millett's jurisdiction of course applies only to vessels and boats landing their trips within the State, but the increased confidence in Massachusetts fish among consumers and receivers everywhere which has come as a result of his work gives such weight to a message from him that it deserves the attention of fishing interests wherever similar weather conditions prevail.

fish only for human consumption' is the slogan.

"Especial attention will be also paid to preventing the landing of logy fish. I consider the landing or the traffic in these a menace to public health, therefore the combined assistance of fish catchers and buyers to prevent the same is earnestly asked and expected.

"The difference between good fish and poor fish is often decided by the amount of ice or salt used and the quick, careful care of fish on deck.

"I am pleased annually to praise the general high quality of Massachusetts caught fish. Help yourselves to keep this praise deserved and continued by landing only fish of quality up to the Massachusetts high standard."

## With the Ice Hunters

By HON. JOHN HARVEY

(Continued from April Issue)

On March 8, some years ago, I was fortunate enough to find myself on board the steamship *Newfoundland*, a guest of Capt. Farquhar's, bound for the ice. The ship was the largest and one of the finest in the fleet, and the trip was full of interest throughout. We were obliged to steam out of Bay Roberts, where we had shipped a picked crew, in a hurry, to avoid heavy ice which an easterly gale was driving into Conception Bay, threatening to pin us there. The *Newfoundland* was headed for Seldom-come-by, whence in accordance with the sealing laws we were to clear on the tenth of March. The name Seldom-come-by proved appropriate, for owing to the continued ice jam we were never able to get within miles of it; though as every one knows Seldom-come-by is really so named because its inhabitants maintain that its attraction is so great that coasting crafts seldom come by that way without calling in. Owing to the tremendous ice pack Captain Farquhar had finally to abandon the idea of clearing the ship at all and we were forced to proceed on our way without complying with that important formality. On the 12th we passed several families of Hoods, but owing to the legal restrictions we were not allowed on that date to take them. We got temporarily jammed near one old dog Hood, which evinced much interest in our proceedings, finally proving a greater temptation than some of our men could quietly endure. Three of them jumped overboard on the ice, armed with gaffs, and for ten minutes we witnessed a most entertaining fight. The seal was thoroughly game, and the men had to look alive to keep out of his reach. At last two of them broke their gaffs and had to retire, while the third, after an ineffectual struggle, lasting a very few minutes, found he was no match for the powerful Hood, and quickly made tracks also. So amid many sarcasms and much ridicule the three heroes made good their retreat and climbed aboard, while the old seal, having asserted his lordship over the frozen pans, betook himself to the edge and swam leisurely off, a hearty cheer following him from the ship.

On the 13th we were heading N. N. W. towards Groais Island, but were making little headway. It was blowing half a hurricane right in our teeth, and the heavy ice was going out to the eastward in a body at a great rate. Close at hand several large bergs broke the level lines of the ice-fields. The ship's head was directed to one of these. It was exciting work getting alongside, as it stood motionless with the ice tearing by. As we came close, a

score of men were hurried overboard with rope and cable; these were made fast to protruding parts of the berg and in a few minutes we were lying quietly anchored to its immense mass, and riding in a smooth lake of open water in its lee. At the rate the surrounding ice was being driven eastward, it was equivalent to steaming about five knots through the floe, without burning a ton of coal. The situation was rendered still more lively by the report from the barrel that a good many families of Hoods were to be seen passing us on the running ice, and that they were becoming constantly more numerous. These icebergs are often good friends to the seal hunter. Extending for about nine-tenths of their bulk under water, they are but slightly affected by the wind, which blows the field ice about in all directions. When it blows hard this ice piles up on the windward side of a berg, and leaves an open lake of water to leeward. I got into a boat with half a dozen of the crew and rowed to the edge of the floe, and I wish I could reproduce the scene as it appeared from there. The dazzling shimmer of the field ice as it rushed by, the emerald green and glittering pinnacles of the huge berg sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, its face a sheer precipice of pure white, rearing itself to many times the height of the masts and towering over our ship, the dark line of the hull relieved by the bright scarlet of the funnel, crouching in the blue water beneath, combined to make up a picture not easily forgotten. We dared not go very far on the ice, as it was moving quickly, and travelling was difficult, but we managed to get up to one family of Hoods which lay not far away. The dog, an immense fellow, shuffled into the water upon our approach, but every now and then his black head would pop up, and he kept an anxious watch from the water on our proceedings. The mother, as she always does, stayed beside her pup and rounded on us savagely as we approached. Very soon, however, one of the men managed to get possession of the little fat chap, and he was carried alive into the boat, and the two old seals got very worried. The mother, finding her pup gone, scrambled off the ice and joined her mate; swimming about very hurriedly and excitedly, now here, now there, they would shoot out of the water to peer over our gunwale, at times almost jumping into the boat in their anxiety to see what had befallen their baby. Evidently they were wild with pure trouble but nevertheless little Joseph was taken down into Egypt, to wit, the *S. S. Newfoundland*, and three hundred men did obeisance before him. That night our position was an enviable one. The Hoods had continued to increase in number. The next day the law allowed us to take them. We were alone in the middle of the seals, and there are few more satisfactory situations vacant on this



planet. Next morning we found ourselves tight jammed and immovable. Before dawn breakfast was served to the crew and they mustered on deck. As the sun rose long lines of men in Indian file started out from the ship. The Newfoundland became a great octopus, spreading her tentacles in all directions and sweeping up the ice. Each file was headed by half a dozen or more standard-bearers, carrying scarlet flags to mark the pans on which the pelts were to be piled. Soon some of the hunters began to dribble back with long "tows" behind them, and we took our first seals on board. There were a lot of old dogs swimming in the little lakes of open water close at hand, and I got out my Winchester and had a good time. No one need want better sport than these old dog Hoods give, and there was hardly a day for the next fortnight that I did not make a good bag.

One large dog that I shot in the water on the first day gave a good deal of trouble. The man who accompanied me ran over as soon as the seal was hit and got his gaff successfully hooked in the animal's hood. But the seal had considerable life still left in him, and it was rather more than one man could do to hold him. I ran to his assistance and for some minutes the seal in the water and we on the ice had a regular tug of war. At length the seal got too many for us, and we had to choose between being dragged overboard and letting go. We chose the latter alternative and the seal went off leaving us somewhat played out, and taking our gaff with him, much to the disgust of my companion, as it is by no means safe to find one's self on the ice without one. Finding the seal did not reappear, I went on to stalk another which was visible in the distance. An exciting chase disposed of him and I was on my way back to the ship when I perceived a black head appearing near the scene of our recent tussle; and then slowly and languidly, and leaving a crimson streak behind him, rose our friend and lay down on the ice, with the gaff still dragging behind him, to die.

There is generally a bit of a breeze blowing which keeps the ice together. When this drops down the ice is sure to loosen and walking over it becomes difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. One evening this occurred when almost the entire crew were away from the ship. The ice "went abroad" rapidly and 250 men were scattered at every point of the compass and many miles apart. Soon the sun went down, and it became very doubtful if we should be able to find them all. There were no other ships near, which is unusual when there are seals about. Fortunately the weather was fine though cold. The water was like a mill pond, reflecting the stars, which shone brightly overhead. As we steamed about through the ice in the still air, with eager eyes on the lookout, a

twinkling light would be occasionally discovered beckoning us, and as we approached, the far off report of a gun, or a faint shout, would be distinguished in the silence; and so we picked them gradually up, a few at a time. But at ten o'clock there were still a great many missing. The ice had now separated entirely, and only single pans were floating on the calm water. At length some flickering lights were made out right away on the horizon, but disappointments had already been met with from the fact that a number of our pans of seals were lighted up with torches, and these had been again and again mistaken for signals from the men.

The ship's course was, however, directed to these lights, and as we approached them the fires seemed to burn more brightly. About midnight we came upon them. There were several large pans floating singly, but not far apart, looking like great white rafts; each had a cordon of fire completely surrounding it, an unbroken rampart, and within could be seen the dark forms of men huddled together. The scene was duplicated by the perfect reflection in the water. Fire is obtained on the ice by putting a piece of wood into a seal pelt and lighting it. The whole effect in this instance was very weird, but we were much relieved to find on mustering that the whole crew had been recovered.

We continued to do well, getting from 150 to 5,000 seals per day, which would not be considered particularly good in Harps, but is excellent work with Hoods. The equivalent of 24,000 young had been secured, and everything continued to promise well, when our chief engineer, who was a first rate man and a great favorite on board, was suddenly taken ill, and the captain determined to make for shore in order to try and save his life. We bore up for home on the 28th of March, with many regrets for the early termination of the voyage as well as for the cause of it. St. John's was sighted March 29, and we found ourselves the first arrival from the fishery. Our trip had occupied just three weeks and we brought back half a cargo worth \$33,000.

Personally, I wanted another fortnight of it badly. I had had plenty of excellent shooting and no end of healthy excitement, and had immensely enjoyed the complete severance from the every day world.

\* \* \* \* \*

As this paper has been introduced with the toast that launched our old sealing fleet, that the age of steam may not be entirely robbed of its romance, does it not seem fitting that the sentiment given us by our local laureate should be with us as we part?—

"Then here's to Captain Farquar,  
Likewise his gallant crew,  
May you be spared for many years  
The 'Whitecoats' for to slew."

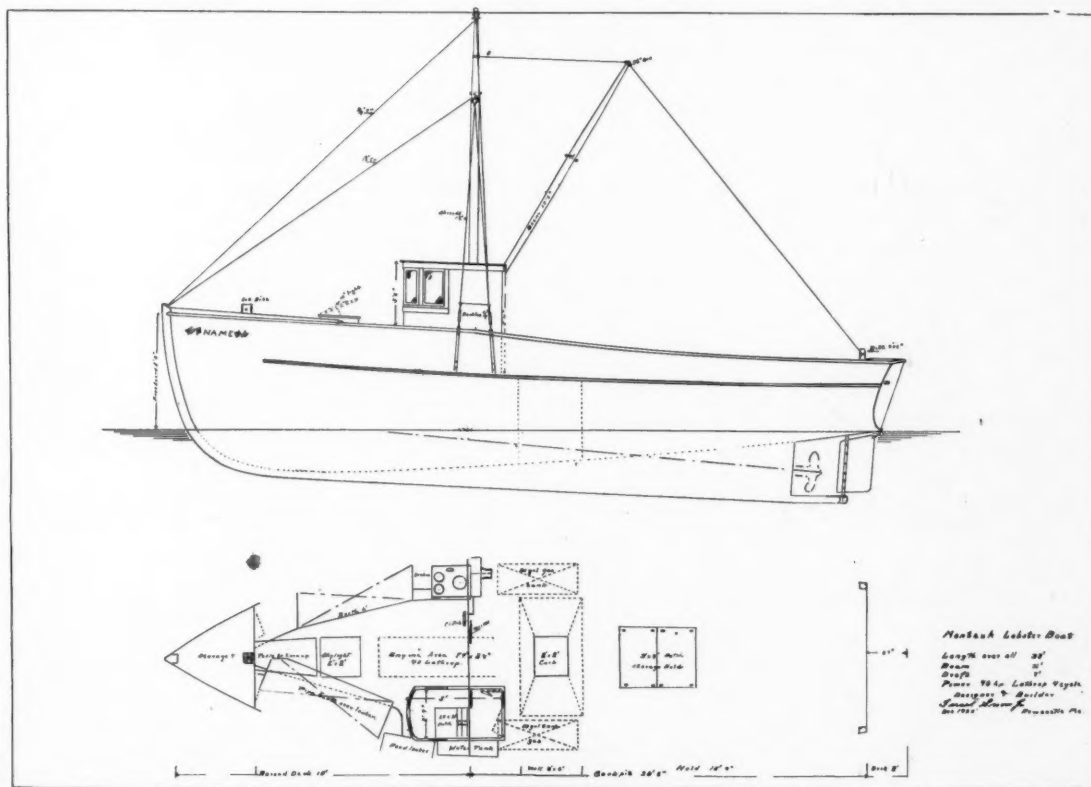


# A Montauk Lobster Boat

DESIGNED BY I. L. SNOW, JR.

THE I. L. Snow, Jr., yard at Newcastle has been busy all winter, and recently sent away the first two boats of the season's work, the *Catherine* going to Edgartown for Captain Isaac Norton, and the *Florencea* to Newport for Ernest Salonikos. The former is the latest of six draggers built at this yard. She is 50 feet long, 14 feet 6 inches beam and

The *Florencea* was built for lobstering out of Newport and is 32 feet long, 9 feet beam and three feet draft, with a forecastle forward for two men and a thousand gallon well midships. A storage hold is aft. The power plant is a 25 h. p. Bridgeport installed in the forecastle. Gear for handling several traps on a warp has been installed by the



5 feet draft. She is heavily constructed and is powered with a 45 horse C-O, which drives her about nine miles. The forecastle is under a raised deck eighteen feet long, giving ample accommodations for six men. The fish hold midships will ice 20,000 pounds.

builders.

There are a number of other boats under construction. This and the business which Mr. Snow does in lumber and lobster pots keeps things moving. A thousand traps were sent to New York early this month.

## With the Vineyard Fishermen

By JOSEPH C. ALLEN

THE gentle month of showers and sunshine has been a fake and a fizzle in this particular latitude as far as weather is concerned. Our particular section of ocean is not ordinarily any worse than many other spots, but for the last month it has seemed to have outdone itself in general cussiness.

The boys were all ready with several hundred miles of trawl on April Fool's Day, but it is the plain and unvarnished truth that a lot of that twine wasn't stretched enough to take the kinks out of it.

It blew out of a clear sky and out of clouds and fog. It blew straight down, straight up and sideways, and of course that wind effected the water in its usual way. It was so darned rugged at times that boats dropped right off the top of sharp seas

(Continued on page 24)



## Mug-Up Yarns

Send in poems, jokes and stories for this column. \$1 for every joke published and \$2 for stories and poems.

### The Master

*I have lured him with opaline light  
And sung him to confident sleep—  
And then—in the horror of night,  
I have strangled his cry in the deep.*

*I have purred at his feet on the sand  
And whispered, carressing his sail,  
Till, far from the sheltering land,  
I might drive him to death in the gale.*

*I have promised him substance and store  
If he gave me his sons and his fleet—  
And then—having cozened him sore,  
I have flung up his dead at his feet.*

*I have trapped him with fog and with shoal—  
Yet, by line and by light and by sound  
He drives, undismayed, to his goal—  
He makes me his road the world 'round.*

*He spans me with log and with lead;  
He brands me with marks for his ken—  
He burries the tale of his dead  
And turns his ships seaward again!*

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

### Shell Fish Law

IT is now very unlikely that the Massachusetts shell fish legislation reported in a recent issue of ATLANTIC FISHERMAN will be put into effect. Some of the representatives of the sections most interested have drafted a bill which is much more equitable to the fishermen engaged in this branch, and as it is thought to be stringent enough to safeguard the public health and still not inflict undue hardships on producers, it will no doubt replace the proposed act and go into effect June 1.

Fishermen will continue to operate and ship as they have been doing under the emergency measures since last June. \$5000 will be given the Department of Public Health to expend on posting restricted areas and on further examinations, which will be made on request of towns where there are flats which have been condemned. The Fish and Game Commission gets \$2,000 to defray the expenses of enforcement. There will be no licenses or red tape to bother with except the certificates necessary when shipments are going out of the State.

## Fishing Notes From Maine

BY THE FISHERMAN'S DOCTOR.

THE Nicholson Fish Company of Bucksport have fitted out the schooners, *Hazel R. Hines*, Captain Lewis O. Wharton, and the *Judique*, Captain Wagner, and they sail on the 27th for the Grand Banks, from Bucksport, with crews complete. They will each carry twenty-three men. They do not bother with the detail of providing, but of course carry plenty of salt. They will catch their first fish with bare jiggers and squid will come along a little later and offer themselves for bait.

The smelt seiners on the east branch of the Penobscot had better luck at the end of the season and brought in some good hauls.

The U. S. Fisheries Bureau has had a boat recently at Friendship securing spawn flounders for the hatcheries.

The weir men at North Haven are fast building their weirs for the season's crop of herring.

Walter Davis and Raymond Chadwick of Monhegan have been having their seines tarred in Portland.

The ice went out of Sommes Sound on April 17th.

Ice left Stueben Harbor on the 19th. One year it remained until April 20th.

Penobscot River is now open to navigation, April 20th. Opening would have been delayed without the efforts of the Bucksport tug, *Walter Ross*, and the U. S. Coast Guard cutter, *Ossipee*. Salmon are now being taken from the Penobscot.

The weirmen at Seal Cove, Mt. Desert Island, are experiencing difficulties in rebuilding their weirs, as deep snow in the woods and deep mud in the roads almost prohibit getting out their weir-stakes and poles.

At Swan's Island the fishermen are active and many are engaged in lobstering and some are bringing fish to the fishstands and soon business will be going full speed ahead. At Atlantic several boats have been launched and many of the Joyce's Beach fishermen are in commission. Harry Sager has returned from Canada to Atlantic and has bought the motorboat of Frank Babbidge at Gott's Island and has taken it to Mackerel Cove and will resume lobstering.

Lack of cottonseed oil and salt has delayed starting some of the sardine factories at Eastport.

Plans for the proposed sardine merger did not materialize on schedule time. Owing to the illness of one of the New York bankers the April 7th conference between the packers and the N. W. Ayer Advertising Agency was postponed to April 19th and 20th. On the latter date Eastport and Lubec packers were not fully represented in the conference with William R. Marshall of Boston, the promoter. After a short meeting Mr. Marshall stated that another

(Continued on page 20)

# Who's Who Among the Skippers

BY CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

## *Captain Simeon Smith Wiley*

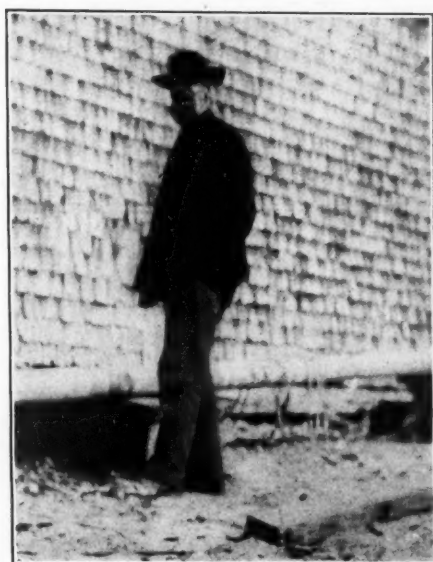
*Home—Wellfleet, Mass.*

*Born—183—*

Began fishing very young.

At twelve was cooking in an open brick fireplace aboard a banker out of Wellfleet.

Went under some of the best known masters of his day, among them his brother, Captain Sol Wiley, sailing from Swampscott.



*Died—February 1925*

Went banking, blue fishing and mackereling in summer. Oystering winters. Made master of schooner *Nellie Rich*, 1883.

Later the *Bivalve* and then the *Joseph G. Hamblin*.

These vessels were part of the J. A. Stubbs fleet, an employ in which the captain remained during a long period of his life.

"A veritable giant was this Captain Wiley—a hard-driving master mariner, but a God-fearing man who wrung a living from the sea from the time he was seven until he had nearly reached ninety years of age."

## George T. Moon

*A Memory Tribute by Arthur L. Millett.*

AS the shadows begin to fall to the westward hardly a day comes to us now but brings with it the sad remark: "Well, I see good old ——— is gone!" And this time it is George T. Moon, of rare and lovable memory, who has parted the earth ties and fared on to solve for himself the greatest of all mysteries.

We here in Gloucester loved George Moon, and with good reason. We both loved and respected him. If any man was justly accorded the freedom of this stern sea settlement it was he—and he never abused it. For years he came and went in and about us, called us by our first names, gave us a smile and a handshake that were sincere. He was part of us and we were part of him; that's the way he and we viewed it.

And so for nearly 30 years he came to us, this smiling, energetic, handsome, friendship-compelling man, bringing the message of good cheer from Fulton Market, than whom this great fish mart had no spokesman more eloquent or exponent more cap-

able. And how we all looked forward to his coming, especially the Master Mariners and vessel owners—and, yes, the fair sex! For was it not written beforehand and for year after year that he was to be toastmaster or feature speaker at the annual banquet of the Master Mariners Association, to regale us all with his inherent eloquence and timely wit as he introduced some of the country's greatest and always had something compellingly bright and new to say to them, until the name of Moon became as well known in official Washington as in fishy Fulton Market.

He tasted the sweets of life and found them good. He met reverses with the same wistful smile that had characterized his countenance ever since we knew him, and thus hid the hurt in his heart. He gave freely of his sustenance, his strength and his rare personality to the very end. And now that he has laid down his earthly burden and gone on to share in the sacred promise that "it is better farther on", we who knew him so long and so well, and are left behind, find some solace in our hearts in that oft repeated line, that line that will one of these days in God's good time be said for us: "Rest in peace, my brother."

**WM. H. CHAMBERLAIN**

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Launches, Skiffs and Tenders*  
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MAINE

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**Fishing Notes from Maine**

*(Continued from page 18)*

meeting would be held a month later. It became known, however, that instead of buying the canneries at a satisfactory cash price a proposition was offered to pay down half price in cash and half in stock of the merger corporation. The packers do not seem to view this proposition with favor and chances for immediate consummation of the merger seem slim.

The factories are about ready for action in canning herring but the weirmen are not ready, though herring are on hand in the waters. Late winter conditions on the shores have seriously delayed the weirmen.

G. S. Bridges of Sedgwick has opened the Twitchell-Champlin canning factory there and is packing clams.

The selectmen of the town of Tremont are receiving sealed bids for the sale of the cold storage plant at McKinley. The bids will be opened at the selectmen's office on May 8th next.

The boat building business along the coast is rushing and especially at the yard of Chas. A. Morse & Son on the Georges River at Thomaston, where they are building both pleasure craft and fishing boats. The boatyard at Wiscasset is also very busy. So too, the yards at Newcastle and Woolwich. At Newcastle they have just finished and shipped a 50 ft. Nantucket dragger-type fishing boat to Edgar-

town, Mass., and a 32 ft. lobster boat to Newport, R. I.

New supplies of cans, cottonseed oil and salt have been received at the Eastport factory of Booth Fisheries Company and two hundred and fifty men and women signed up for the payroll. Steam was up and when the first cargo of herring arrived on Monday business opened for 1926. Herring are available in Bay of Fundy and Passamaquoddy Bay. Other canneries are expected to start up soon.

The Morrison weirs at Turtle Head and John's Island, Stockton Springs have wintered well and are fast being put into commission.

The sardine factory at Stockton Springs is being repaired and Angus Holmes expects to open for business before long.

Lon. P. Flanigan, sales manager of the Maine Cooperative Sardine Company, is on a trip visiting the different fish companies along the coast.

The trawl fishermen of Sunset, Deer Isle, are getting good hauls.

The Underwood Plant at McKinley has finished canning clams and is all ready to put up sardines when herring arrive.

Ice has left Surry Bay.

Gott's Island fishermen have launched their boats and have recommenced lobstering.

"Down East" the outlook for herring is reported favorable. When the Booth Fisheries at Eastport started up on the 26th they received 28 hogsheds right size herring which came from the Irish Channel, near Deer Island, N. B.

**ISRAEL SNOW, Jr.**

*Builder and Designer of Commercial and  
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on all kinds of marine work*

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## News from the Provinces

By W. ALEXANDER DENNIS.

**D**UE to the ice conditions and the storms, the first part of the season has proved disappointing to the fishermen. The ice is still around the coast, though in some parts it is beginning to break up quickly, while in others it is still solid. This condition has greatly hindered the fishermen in getting out their lobster traps. In some parts of the provinces when the lobster season opened, they were unable to get to work at all.

The Lunenburg fleet also suffered while on their spring trip to the Banks on account of the bad weather and through storms. While a large number made good catches, others did not do so well. During the trip about twenty of the Lunenburg vessels suffered heavy damages from gales and storms, a number having to put back for new cables and repairs. The fleet are now on their second spring trip. The *Bluenose*, in command of Capt. Angus Walters, has been one of the latest arrivals to put into Lunenburg after trying experiences. On her first arrival from the Banks, April 4th, the vessel brought about 700 quintals of fish. She had used about two-thirds of her bait and reported a gruelling experience in one of the worst storms Lunenburg

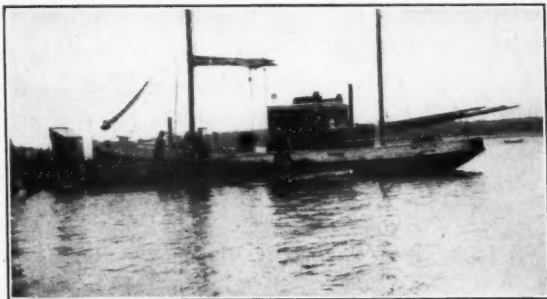
to go on the Marine Slip for repairs before proceeding to sea again. The ship was certainly put to test that no ordinary vessel could withstand.

Another participant of the International Fishermen's Races, the Gloucester schooner *Colombia*, also ran into bad weather, going ashore on Heart's Island. The vessel, which is in command of Capt. John McInnes, will likely come to Halifax for repairs. Another American vessel to put into a Nova Scotia port this season, was the Gloucester vessel *Governor Foss*, Capt. Thomas Benham, who arrived at Halifax for a new cable.

The ice conditions all around the Nova Scotia coast have so far hindered the fishermen from lay-



A TYPICAL SCENE TO THE EAST'RD.



CONSOLIDATED CO. SMACK AT TURPENTINE ISLAND, N. S. fishermen have ever encountered. The magnificent way this schooner withstood the storms was a great tribute to her designer as well as to the men who built her and the crew who sailed her. In the last storm, the vessel had a narrow escape from being swept to her doom on the North West Bar of Sable Island, the graveyard of the Atlantic. The damage was estimated at \$2,500. The vessel will have

ing their traps. It is reported that some of the fishermen have not yet met one third of their expenses this season, owing to the adverse weather conditions. Since the season opened, in some parts of the province there has been a continuous succession of gales, which has done considerable damage to gear, besides holding up the fishing. Practically nothing has been done in Cape Breton up to the time of writing, and no traps have been able to be set in the Bras d'Or Lakes, as they are still ice-bound. It is expected that the season will be extended in different parts of the provinces on account of the conditions that have existed.

While the lobster catch for March is less than half for the same period of last year, it is greater than in 1922-23-24. Conditions last year, it will be remembered, were ideal, but the prices have been much higher this March than they were last year.

The live lobster shipment to Boston by the way

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of Yarmouth, for March 1925 was 956,100 pounds, valued at \$210,855. The shipment this year for March was 400,600 pounds, valued at \$161,362. It can readily be seen that, while the shipment is but half of last year's, the price has been considerably better. During April, owing to the favorable weather, it is expected that the catch will be even better.

It is understood that a number of new trawlers will be added this year to the fleet of steam trawlers already operating off Nova Scotian ports. Besides this, it is proposed to erect a cold storage plant and fish warehouses at Halifax at an estimated cost of \$1,500,000.

The scheme includes the construction of a modern warehouse, 600,000 cu. feet capacity for dry storage, and a cold storage plant of 900,000 cubic feet capacity for fish. This will employ a large number of men who must be highly skilled in the handling of fish. The project has already been endorsed by the Halifax City Council.

Across the harbor from Halifax in the town of Dartmouth, a \$200,000 modern fish plant is to be erected by the Maritime Fish Corporation. The concessions for the Company will be a fixed rate of taxation of \$500 per year and 40,000 gallons of water per day without charge for a period of twenty years. In consideration of these concessions, the Company agreed by legislation to erect a modern plant costing \$200,000 or more and to employ sixty men for every day in the week for ten months in the year. It is expected that in time the Company will employ 200 men a day. The steam trawlers will make regular calls here to land their fares.

During the last of April the steamer *Afghanistan* that arrived at Halifax from Norfolk picked up several fishermen belonging to a Gloucester schooner. Two men, Joe King and H. Bryan, became separated from their vessel while fishing. The men were picked up in the dory about sixty miles south of Cape Sable and belonged to the schooner *Edith C. Rose*. They suffered no ill effects from exposure though it was from twelve to fourteen hours before they were finally rescued.

A large number of French trawlers have had to come to Halifax for bunkers this spring. Previously they have coaled at the Cape Breton ports but this year they have been prevented by the ice staying along the coast longer than usual.

The first Spanish trawler to visit the port in years was the *Melitond Domingez*. She came direct from Spain to bunker for her Grand Bank trip.

Among the French trawlers that were in port during the end of April was the *Patrie*. This vessel arrived at Halifax after several weeks of unsuccessful fishing and had a catch of about 3,500 quintal of fish.

## The Dope on the Sardine Merger

LATELY there has been a lot of talk about a big merger of the eastern Maine sardine interests. The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, having advocated something of the sort as a remedy for the ills of the packing industry several years ago, is more than casually interested in these rumors. Steps were taken to run them down, and it has been learned that the reports have been greatly exaggerated.

This year, at least, there is little likelihood of there being any change from the present management. The cooperative association will continue to function, although there is a plan well underway whereby all, or most, of the packing plants will be merged into one big company.

This plan is the suggestion of William R. Marshall, a former foodstuff broker who is well acquainted with both the production and selling ends of the sardine business. In fact, the association now in force is built on work which Mr. Marshall did several years ago. He was the first to attempt to consolidate the packers, at that time the packers were not interested, but they afterwards saw the light and organized. There are weak spots in the cooperative, although it is generally admitted that it is better than the old method of "every man for himself and the devil get the hindmost."

The principal weakness is that no provision is made to really sell sardines. The pack is bought not sold. In other words, the association has no money to spend in efforts to open new markets or to induce more people to eat sardines. It is obvious that until something is done to increase the consumption of this fish, hard times will always be just around the corner for the packers. Of course there may be individual packers who can make money, but the sardine business as a whole will be in the doldrums until modern merchandising methods are put into use.

The packers cannot be blamed for not spending thousands of dollars for advertising when they don't know where the money is coming from. The whole thing boils down to the need of plenty of capital.

Therefore, the idea now is to bring in lots of new money and to form one big concern to operate all the plants and sell the entire pack. Such a consolidation as this requires time, but there are big men behind it and it looks favorable.



### Several Vessels Ashore

**D**URING the past month many vessels have had considerable trouble due mainly to the elements. The Gloucester schooner *Sibyl*, Captain Aubrey Hawes, went aground at Herford Inlet, near Wildwood, N. J., and was a total loss. Captain Hawes mistook the Inlet light for the Cape May light while running for the harbor, April 17, and went on the shoals. The captain and crew made shore safely.

The *Columbia* ran aground putting into Canso Harbor during the night of April 25. At first it was feared that her damage would be large as she was fast on ledges, but she has been towed to Halifax and when she was hauled out her only damage was found to be to her shoe and a bad straining of the underbody. She needs considerable caulking, but when that is done she will probably be as slick as ever and ready to fish or race with anyone. It is not necessary to bring her home.

The *Haligonian*, the Halifax representative when races are resumed, also went aground in Canso Harbor. She was hitting a good clip in under a fresh breeze the morning of April 29 and piled up on Mackerel Shoal. So sharp was the shock that the main boom jibed and knocked Captain Crouse and two men into the sea. They were all rescued.

The tide was falling when the big schooner struck, and she began to pound so badly it was feared that she would be a total loss, but after several attempts to float her she was towed up the harbor and beached. Extensive repairs must be made before she puts to sea again.

A half dozen or more seine boats have been lost by the mackerel fleet and the vessels obliged to return for new ones.

The *Laura Goulart*, Captain John Goulart, got into a bad blow on Georges and suffered considerable damage to herself and gear.

### Another Example of Government Efficiency

**T**HE schooner *Scotia*, now sunk in the Elizabeth City harbor, and a serious menace to navigation, is to be moved, if a number of local citizens who are working on the project, can accomplish it. Their efforts have accomplished but little so far, because they have found that red tape holds up things. Tom Owens and George Twiddy want to tow it down the river, sink it and build a fish camp on it, and they applied to the War Department for permission to remove this menace to incoming craft. Instead of telling the boys to go ahead, get the schooner out of the way and save money for the Government, the War Department officials had to reply in words to this effect:

"Under the law, the vessel will have to be moved under Government supervision, and we will have to send a man down to tell how and when to do the work and see it done. His services will cost \$150 a month, and you will have to put up a certified check for that amount, and if he doesn't take a month for the job, you get the unused portion of his salary back."

And that's what these men got for their kind offer to remove the dangerous craft from the harbor. It was only a few nights ago that a fisherman ran his vessel into the side of the schooner, and damaged the little boat seriously.—*The Independent, Elizabeth City, N. C.*

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Everything from Flywheel to Cod End

JOHN CHISHOLM FISHERIES CO. Gloucester, Mass.



### With the Vineyard Fishermen

(Continued from page 17)

so suddenly that the keels would hit cod on the head and stun them! Fact! One lad claimed that he swallowed a chew of tobacco three times in less than five minutes and had it fly right up and strike the roof of his mouth! That's the kind of stuff that our lads have been up against. And cold! Holy Mackerel! Every time the dories yanked a few fathoms of trawl out of water, it would freeze stiff and break in two!

But the fish were there, we'll inform the pop-eyed universe they were, and are yet for that matter. Dodging out for a day or a few hours, our little fellows brought in some fine fares and the cod are in fine shape too. There have been a few haddock running and during the last ten days of the month the pollock have shown up. Mighty good-sized fish and well-fed.

The alewives ran late, which may have been fortunate for the Vineyarders, as a big run of herring struck the Cape about the time that we usually get our best run. That seems to have passed on, and now we are taking alewives in pretty good bunches and baiting up the big Gloucestermen or shipping them according to the demand.

The pond catch of perch and smelts was pretty near a complete failure this year, owing to the

slow thaws which prevented the usual freshets. These freshets clean out the brooks and coves, making it easy to use seines. As things were, the bottom was all mud and goo and the boys were out of luck.

We have some trap-spiles in but no twine as yet, although that will probably go in as soon as the weather appears at all favorable. The fish are there all right, for our otter-trawlers are picking them up, black-backs and yellow-tails.

There are some lobster pots overboard, too, and your old chum of bait-house fame had his first feed of lobsters on the 22nd, but they are not at all plentiful as yet.

Eight of our deep-legged craft from Edgartown have gone South for the general mackerel killing; the schooner *B. T. Hillman*, Hillman; schooner *R. B. Stinson*, Doucette; sloop *Grace and Lucy*, Brown; sloop *Catherine*, Norton; sloop *Sea Bird*, Salvadore; schooner, *Eliza Benner*, Morgan; schooner, *Liberty*, Wagner; schooner, *Ethel Marion*, Osborn. Every one of these craft are lucky and every skipper is a fish-killer, and we expect to hear from them as soon as their twine is wet. One of our luckiest schooners is going to stick to her otter-trawls. The *Hazel M. Jackson*, Captain Bob Jackson, shared \$275 apiece on a week's trip just a spell back, and shared over \$500 each among the crew during the month of March. Not so bad for a 75-footer.

We have to report one casualty this month, one

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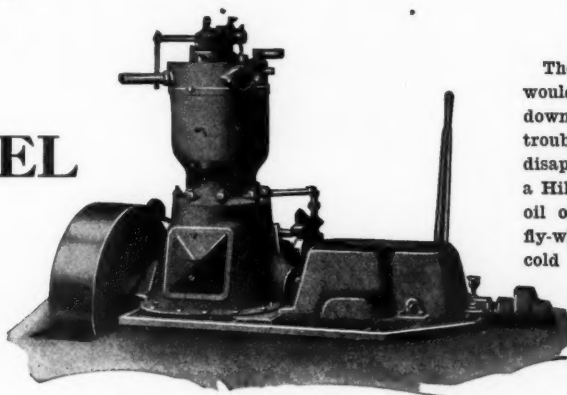
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**HILL-  
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Oil  
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The money you would save would cut your expenses way down and your worries and troubles over engines would disappear. Nothing to do to a Hill but pour in a little fuel oil or kerosene and give the fly-wheel a spin. Neither cold weather nor salt water breaking over your cock-pit will bother at all.

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AGENTS FOR THE STATE OF MAINE

**THE HARRIS CO.** HEAD OF CENTRAL WHARF  
PORTLAND, MAINE

*Largest fisherman's supply house east of Boston*

that puts a gloomy touch to an otherwise fairly cheerful report. Louis Spencer, one of our Oak Bluffs lads, who has been running out of Nantucket on the New York schooner *Winifred M.*, is laid up with a broken leg in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Vineyard Haven. He got caught between the hatch coaming and the bag as they were hoisting in. Of course he will be on deck and among those present after a time, but it's pretty tough to have a leg

carry away just at the beginning of the season.

As we wind up our little report, Ed Dalen and Will Mayhew, two of our Chilmark eod-splitters, just came in with a thousand pounds of eod and pollock—two hours' catch with hand-lines off Noman'sland, and the sea has flattened right out. Spring must be close aboard. The Lord knows that we all hope so.

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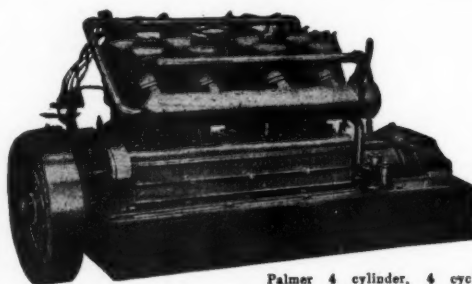
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## Reminiscences of Life-Saving

(Continued from Page 10)

ice, also cattle were driven across. My grandfather is my authority for this. Nobody had the courage to try it this winter.

On a night in February Billy stood a hard watch. At four in the afternoon it was flat calm. A few fishing vessels working into the harbor had their dories out towing. Hurricane signals were set from Hatteras to Eastport. When I went on watch at eight o'clock it had begun to snow and blow and I had a tough time getting to Odiorne's Point and back in four hours. The seas were breaking over the beach in places before I got in at twelve, and it wasn't high water till two A.M. It was Billy's watch North. We had to be careful how we called him. If you touched him he would pretend to get mad and rave around some. It was comical but not

dangerous. I called the Cap'n and told him it was not safe for a man to go to the Nor'ard alone. My watchmate, Sam Littlefield, agreed with me. Cap'n Wells said nothing so Billy went North alone. I was in the kitchen wiping John's dishes when he came in the back door that next morning, a walking sheet of ice, but I never got the whole story out of him till after I left the service and I had to give him a gold studlink watch chain I wore. He had always wanted that chain.

Between the Station and the next sand hill was a driveway on top of which was Father O'Callahan's cottage which, for some unknown season, we called the toboggan slide. The slush was knee deep showing the seas had been up there. It was mighty hard walking. The lanterns the Government furnished were worthless in any wind and Billy's soon went out. Only the snow relieved the gloom and the phosphorescent glow on top of the seas. Billy



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**L.W. Ferdinand & Co.**  
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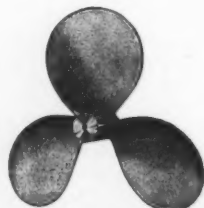


**Cap'n Allswell says:**

**"If your boat lacks snap, mebbe it's the propeller.  
Give us full details and likely we can help you."**

(Write for propeller information.)

The Columbian Bronze Corp., 224 N. Main St. Freeport, L. I., N. Y.  
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# COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS



climbed up under Father O'Callahan's piazza, dug around under his clothes, took a fresh chew and went on. The wind was going sixty miles an hour. It must have been going to eighty during the night. He made his way over the top of the sand hills to the end of the sands. There were times, he told me, when the wind held steady you could fold your arms and sit down as in an easy chair. The next half mile was fairly easy going through the pasture. About half way of this pasture was a small cove called Pig Beach, and over the beach back of the cove the seas were breaking. The extreme high tide and gale had broke up the ice in the harbor and the surf along shore was full of big ice cakes from one to three feet thick. The current setting to the South'ard.

When Billy got to this place he saw that the seas breaking over had washed great cakes over the top and getting across looked bad. He watched while three seas breached over, then three more, and started over the loose stones. Just as he got most over a cake of ice got him and he tumbled over on top of it just as it stopped at the top of the beach. The only casualty was a round hole the size of a dollar in the lantern globe and the bad effect on Billy's language. From there to the watch shanty it was slow and dangerous going. He watched the seas and ice cakes and got there safely. We had never seen seas break over the top of Pulpit Rock. Each side of this high ledge on which the shanty stood the ground sloped off and back of this was a great hollow in the pasture. In the middle of this hollow was a small spring where we always heard the first frogs singing in the spring. Back of the hollow was a growth of young pines. The seas had come in on each side of the Pulpit, filled up that hollow till it was a small roaring lake. The shanty still stood. Billy kicked the foam slush and drift-stuff away from the door and went in. The stove was half full of hot coals. He sat down in the chair, took off his mittens, unbuttoned his clothes and looked at his watch. It had stopped and he had no idea of time but knew he was way late. He lit the wick of the lantern, buttoned up, pulled on his mittens, and as was his habit opened the door and listened. Any sailor or surfman will tell how plain you can hear the cry of a man in distress over the roar of the sea at night.

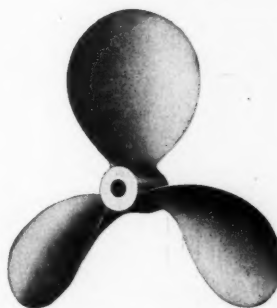
As he stood with his ear to the door a wild comb-er breached over the Rock and filled Billy's neck and sleeve with ice-cold water. He shut the door, put more hackmetack in the stove, and turning to go out, as he took hold of the latch it happened, and shanty, hot stove, chair, axe and Billy went over

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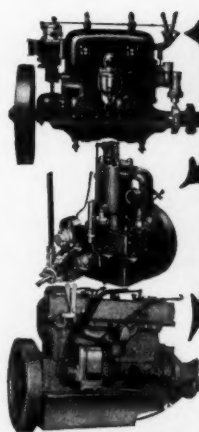
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Model "Z" 20-25 H.P. 4 cyl. 4 cycle, \$395.00-\$466.00. Model "H-50" 40-50 H.P. 4" bore 5" stroke, \$525.00-\$700.00. Model "Z-6" 50 H.P. 6 Cyl. 3 1/4 x 4 1/2—\$895.00. Model "V" 25-35 H.P. 4 Cyl. 4 Cycle, \$595.00-\$720.00. Model "H-70" 60-70 H. P. 4 1/4 x 5 1/4—\$1,000.00. Model "A-6" 75 H.P. 6 Cyl. 3 1/4 x 5—\$1,285.00.

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## The Fishing Vessel Mart

In answering the following advertisements, if no name or address is given, please address communications to the initials following each item and send care of ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, 100 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

### WANTED

Women to knit cotton minnow dip nets, crab nets and eel pot funnels. We supply the twine. State your price and the number you can do a week. Address—F. N., care of Atlantic Fisherman, Inc., 100 Boylston St., Boston.

(The above advertisement is not the same as the similar one in the January magazine. The concern that wanted lobster pot heads has been delayed and so will not need any for a while, but this is a chance for immediate work and we suggest that the women who applied previously write to F. N., Ed.)

### FOR SALE

Boat, 50 feet overall, equipped with 60 H. P. Heavy duty engine. Cheap for cash. Other good bargains. Address AB AMJ.

### FOR SALE

Gas str. *Bradley A.*; length 54 by 13½ by 5; Palmer engine, N. K. 3. Boat and engine new in spring of 1919. Also, one 16 h. p. Peerless, 4-cylinder, 4-cycle engine, and one 6 h. p. Hartford, 2-cylinder, 2-cycle engine. Address: R. C. Smith, Yarmouth, Maine.

### FOR SALE

A nice 3-man boat 35 ft. long, 3½ ft. draft and good width; double-ender, decked all over, forecastle for 3 men, will carry 60 bbls. fish in hold. A nice shoal water fish boat. One mast and pilot house; 7 years old. A bargain at \$1,000. Address: LAS.

**Real Marine Motor**  
A STURDY, economical 5 h. p., 4 cycle marine motor. The world's greatest value in its class. Smoothest running one-cylinder on the market; fast and powerful. Valve-in-head. Uses either gas or kerosene. Fully equipped, \$99. with WICO magneto, \$136. Write for catalog on this and other models up to 6 cylinders.  
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**BOATS OVERHAULED**

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Ship Your Fish and Lobsters to  
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and floated in the lake. He was mad as hell to think he had got to end his days burnt up in a damn shanty a hundred feet from his beloved ocean! He was dazed for a minute but when he came to he was on his back, the wick in the lantern still burning which lighted things up. The old chair had wedged the griddle on top of the stove and the latched door had stayed shut. Looking up he saw that the shanty door was on top. That was what saved his life. He was afloat in that young lake back of Pulpit Rock in old Dow's pasture. His vessel was making water fast and Billy was soaked. He pushed the door open, clumb out and straddled the craft. The wind was going a living gale dead on shore, and though waterlogged and riding deep she made good time to the shore. Billy jumped off and waded to land. He tramped around among the pines he don't know how long, clothes frozen, almost a cake of ice. He started up a wood road and went a round-about way to the end of the sands.

A little after daybreak it moderated. The watch from the South'ard had come in late, but no Billy.

We were just getting ready to go find him when we heard a clattering at the back door and in he came, enclosed in a coat of mail like a knight of old, and grinning. The Skipper was sitting by the mess room stove smoking. He looked up and simply asked:

"How's everything to the Nor'ard, Billy?"

"All right," he answered. "Nothin' ashore but the damn shanty has gone to hell."

We went down that afternoon, got it on rollers and around in its place where it stands to this day. The beach was strewn with big cakes of ice and it is a miracle how Billy got through.

Four of that old crew have made the great adventure. I know St. Peter gave them a hearty welcome. They are sleeping within the sound of the surf they loved so well—

"Where the ivy and the pimperl  
Cling to the ledge they love so well,  
Where the astor and the golden rod  
Their simple glory give to God,  
Where the plovers pipe and the curlews call  
And the sea's sad splendor enfolds them all."

**POWER BOAT FOR SALE**

34 ft. long, 10 ft. wide, 3 ft. deep, with the following equipment: 1 scallop drag with wire fork, 1 quahaug drag, 1 flounder drag, 10 mackerel nets. Would make a nice boat for flounder dragging. All for \$1400. Boat and engine in excellent condition. Address Harry Lunden, Atlantic St., Rockland, Maine.

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**Items from New Jersey**

By CAPTAIN JESSE P. GASKILL, SR.

ON Saturday, May 1, the Delaware Bay oyster fleet started to plant seed oysters from the natural beds. They numbered two hundred and forty licensed boats with an aggregate tonnage of sixty-five hundred gross tons. An average crew was ten men and on May 7 the catch was four thousand bushels per boat.

Last year there were two hundred and thirty licensed boats in the bay. There were twenty added this spring but there were ten that dropped out, so we are only ten stronger. The ten that dropped out were nearly all small craft, while the twenty added were large craft, and the tonnage is nearly one thousand tons greater than last year.

The state legislature passed a bill in the session just ended, allowing an increased length on the tooth

bar of ten inches. Formerly forty-two inches of teeth was the limit, but at the present time we are using fifty inches of teeth, and what we are doing to this old Delaware Bay will not be forgotten for several years to come.

**Nantucket Cod Migrates to East**

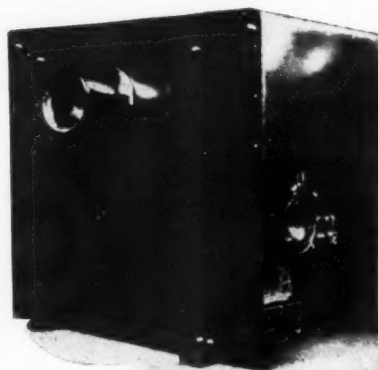
ERNEST G. Wineapaw of Monhegan takes exception to the report that cod do not move from southern Massachusetts to the east'rd. He writes, "I have been away all winter and just got home. In looking over my ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, I saw in the December number that no fish tagged off Nantucket had ever been caught to the north and east from there. Ten miles SSW from Monhegan I caught a fish tagged off Great Round Shoal. It seems the



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fish bureau has not reported it. Enclosed find proof of this.

The following letter from the Bureau of Fisheries is his verification:

233 Lakeview Ave.,  
Cambridge, Mass.,  
Oct. 17, 1925

Mr. Ernest G. Wincapaw,  
Monhegan, Maine,  
Box No. 15.

Dear Sir:

The Bureau acknowledges with thanks tag No. 28971 taken from a codfish by you and forwarded by Captain E. E. Hahn of Boothbay Harbor, Me. I am sorry that a response to you has been delayed but I have been off shore tagging fish and only today returned.

Your capture of codfish 28971 10 miles SSW of Monhegan Island is one of the most important records received thus far since the tagging investigation began in April, 1923. Our records show that this fish was tagged May 7, 1925 off Great Round Shoal buoy, Nantucket Shoals, Mass., and is the only cod of many thousands tagged from 1923 to the present time that migrated as far east as Monhegan. Of course certain of our cod tagged along the Maine coast have moved even as far as Cape Sable but not the fish tagged in southern Massachusetts.

The total number of cod, haddock and pollock tagged has now reached nearly 35,000 and it is hoped that you will catch and report more of them and also tell your friends about these marked fish.

Yours very truly,  
WM. C. SCHROEDER.  
In Charge of Fish Tagging.

### The Steamboat Bill Again

THE following letter is a clear expression of one fisherman's ideas on the proposed changes in the "Steamboat Inspection Bill". It was printed in the *Portland Press Herald* of March 31.

Editor of The Press Herald:—

When I attended school I was taught that the three great industries of Maine were, and are, farming, lumbering and fishing. Later, as I had a chance to see a small part of the State, I saw and realized the magnitude and importance of these industries in our State.

In the February copy of the "*Atlantic Fisherman*" I read the following article, which I take the liberty to copy here, word for word. It was headed "A Bill That Would Cripple Industry," and read as follows:

(See page 10, February ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.)

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the substance of a bill introduced in the House of Representatives by a Congressman representing, or supposed to be representing, the people of the State of Maine, a state where the yearly value of the products of the fishing industry is in the neighborhood of ten to fourteen millions of dollars, and probably more.

I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. White, but I should be glad of an opportunity to meet him and hear his views in favor of such a bill. It hardly seems possible that he can understand the great harm that must come to the fishing industry, not alone in Maine, but in the whole Country, as the direct result of the proposed bill. Surely a citizen of this State, and especially one serving its other citizens and having a thorough knowledge of its industries and resources, as Mr. White should have to be representing us in Congress, must realize the harm as well as the folly of such a bill! At first thought one wonders if Mr. White read the bill; but of course he must have, and also he must have good and sufficient cause to think that the proposed bill would, if enacted, be for the benefit of the fishermen. What those reasons are, or what good would come of the bill, is beyond my poor powers to imagine. Maybe some of the Press Her-

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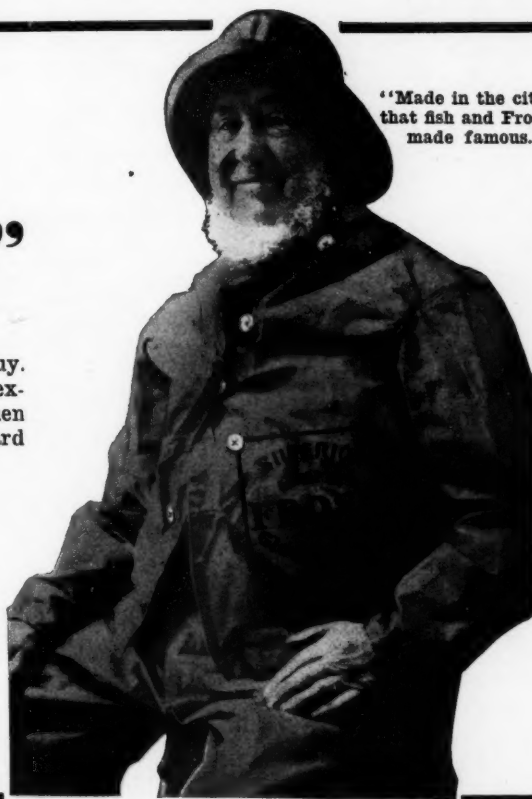
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ald's readers can help me out on this point? Here is one "ignorant fisherman" who would like to know what it's all about!

Let us consider for a moment the part that "machine propelling power" plays in the fishing industry as it is carried on today. Seiners, trawlers, draggers, etc., now cover about ten times the territory formerly available to the old sail and row-boats, with a corresponding increase in the amount of fish caught and money earned for themselves, besides being better able to fill the ever-increasing demand for this important food product. Small boats, by means of power, are better able to combat the hazards of wind and weather in the fishermen's continual struggle to wrest a livelihood from the stormy seas.

The "Atlantic Fisherman" says that such a bill would "cripple" the fishing industry; I'll go them one better and say that I think such a bill would kill it almost completely. Imagine, if you can, the dire results of such a law. Think of the millions of dollars worth of boats and equipment that would be rendered practically worthless, and the millions of men that would be forced to resort to sails and oars again, with the back-breaking labor that would attend such means of motive power.

Quite possibly the required "duly licensed" masters, mates and engineers could be found in sufficient numbers on the larger boats and vessels, but the smaller craft, and these latter are much more numerous, would be hard put to it to find enough "officers" to man them, and even harder put to it to find enough work for all of them to do! As an example: The boat on which I fished last season, and on which I shall very soon start another season, is a boat measuring fifty-two feet in length and of some twenty-odd tons register.

All told, the crew numbers five, quite sufficient to handle all the work that is done, and more than is sufficient to take care of all the money that we earn! Under the provisions of the proposed law as long as we fish in full view of our home-port, as we usually are able to do, we are O. K. provided that each of us could pass the examinations necessary to obtain the licenses that would be required. But, in the event that the fish should move to some other ground (they have been known to) and we should be so venture-some as to lose sight of our own harbor, then, according to Mr. White's bill, we would have to carry a crew of seven

men to do the work of five, in order that we might have enough licenses to satisfy the law! There are probably many other cases where fishing boats would be in an even worse predicament than would we.

Had this bill been introduced by some Congressman from one of the interior states, where I have been told, it has been known in the past that a person now and then had been found who had heard of a fish but was not just sure what it might be one might think that the bill had been innocently submitted by some one who really did not realize the danger involved in regard to the fishing industry. When I think that this bill was presented in the House by a representative of Maine, one who should realize that, if any legislation is needed by the fishing industry, it should be constructive, not destructive, I wonder what can be the cause of it all.

Possibly Mr. White desires that the children of the future should be taught that the two industries of Maine are lumbering and farming.

A WONDERING FISHERMAN.

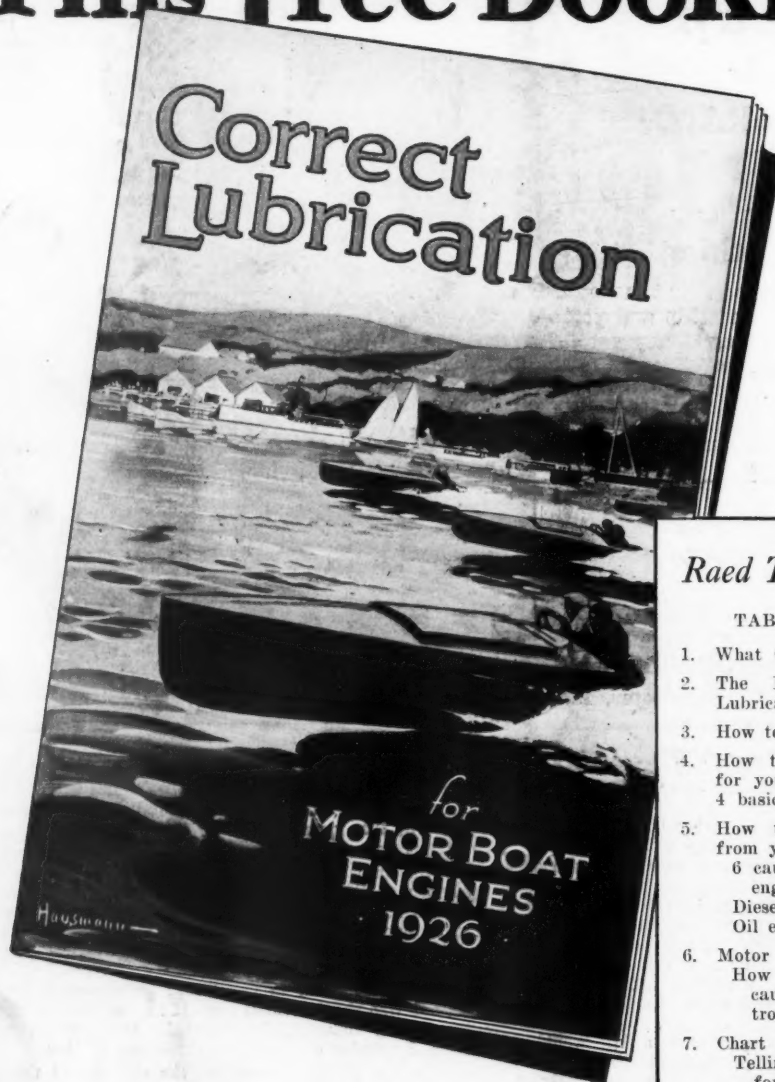
Biddeford Pool.

## Mackerel Tagged in 1924 Caught

**C**APTAIN John Morash of the Gloucester schooner *Alice and Mildred* found a tagged mackerel in a 25,000 trip taken early this season.

Capt. Morash reported his find to the Middle Atlantic Fisheries Association and that organization sent the fish to the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington which two years ago had deposited the infant mackerel in Massachusetts waters in order to make a study of the mackerel's habits. It weighed 1½ pounds. It is the first, as far as is known, of the fish released in 1924 to be caught.

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